The Sapphire

1930

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By

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(See next page.)
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Date: June 2024

By: HC Genealogical Society

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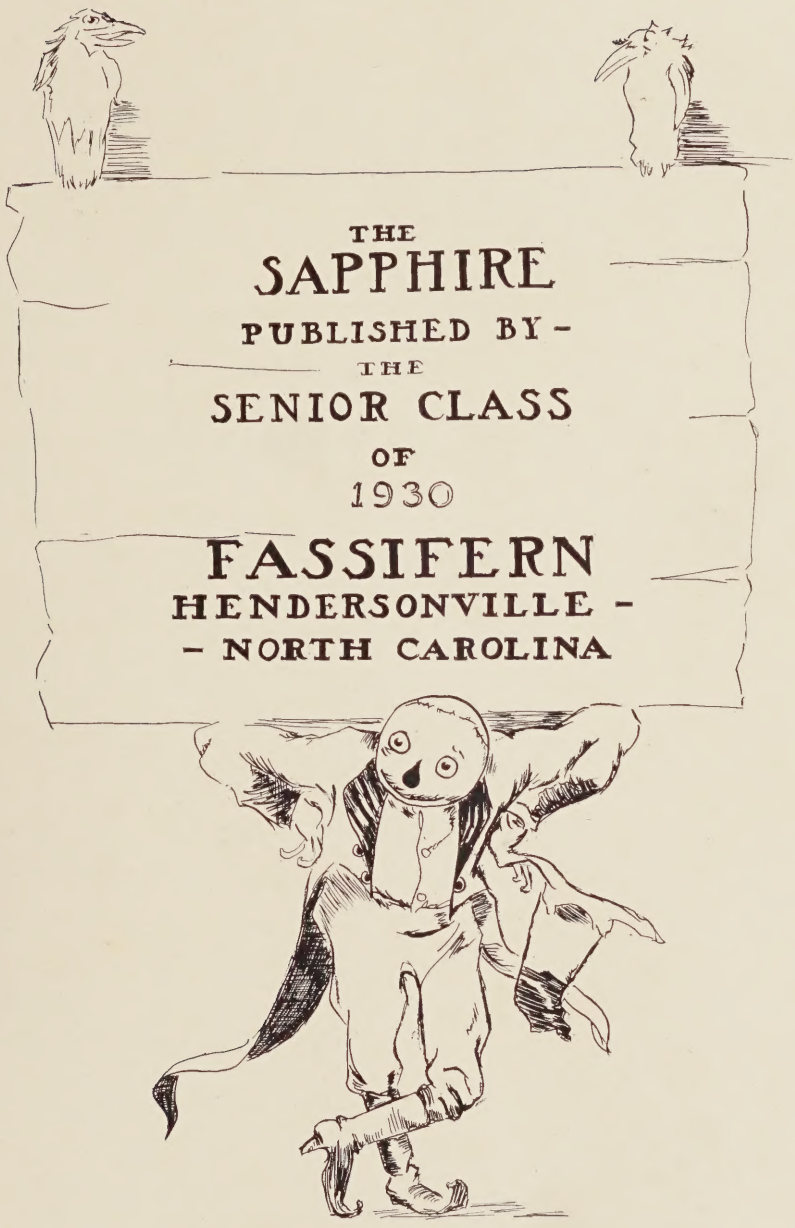
BY

MISS JENNIE HOWE
Editor-in-Chief

AND

MISS SUSAN ROGERS
Business Manager



THE
SAPPHIRE
PUBLISHED BY -
THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF
1930
FASSIFERN
HENDERSONVILLE -
- NORTH CAROLINA

CONTENTS

The School

Clubs

Athletics

Statistics

Fun

FOREWORD

Since this year has quickly flown,
And leaves us mem'ries all our own—
Pictures of our classmates true,
Placed among the things we do,
Here we've gathered all we knew
In this mem'ry book for you—
Remember that our best we've done,
Endeav'ring to please everyone.

THE STAFF OF '30

DEDICATION

In Sincere Appreciation

of Her

Altruism, Patience, and Loyalty,

We Lovingly Dedicate This Book

to

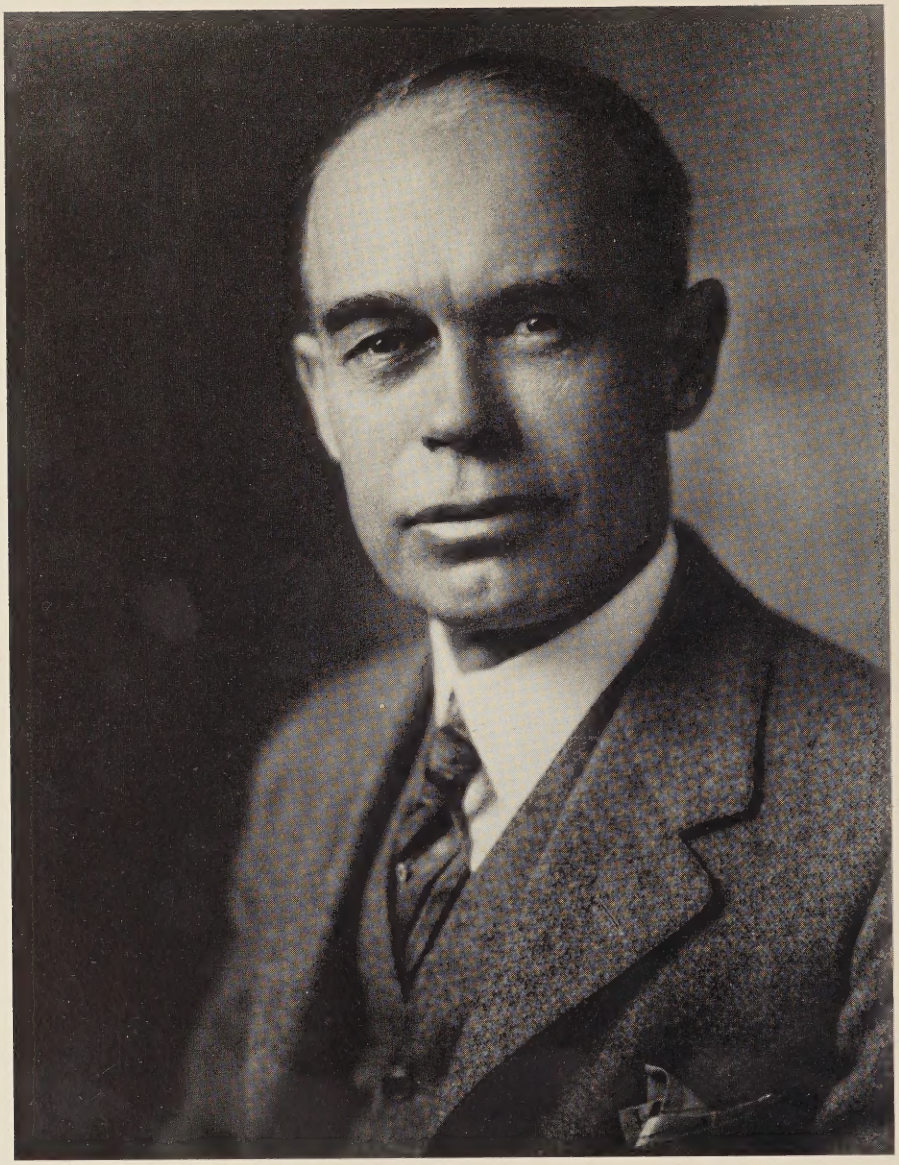
MISS MARJORIE ASKIN

Miss Marjorie Askin

The Sapphire Staff

Miss Helen Gromme	*Faculty Advisor*
Jennie Howe	*Editor-in-Chief*
Susan Rogers	*Business Manager*
Bobbie Goodman	*Art Editor*
Margaret Ann Welch	*Assistant Editor*
Helen Wagner	*Assistant Business Manager*
Avis Williston	*Photo Editor*
Hallie Paddon	*Snapshot Editor*
Edith Johnson	*Athletic Editor*
Frances Chatham	*Social Editor*
Carolyn Hodgson	*Fun Editor*

THE SAPPHIRE STAFF



DR. JOSEPH R. SEVIER

Miss Lacy

FACULTY

Front Row (left to right)—Little, Granberry, Sutton, Yarbrough, Fill, Sevier. *Second Row*—Askin, McCord, Gromme, Neal, Douglas, Lacy, Sevier. *Third Row*—Sandifer, Hayes, Ware.

The Faculty

Dr. Joseph Sevier	*President*
Mrs. J. R. Sevier	*Hostess*
Miss Sue Lyle Lacy	*Dean*
Miss Marjorie Askin	*English*
Miss Elizabeth Douglas	*History*
Miss Helen B. Fill	*Voice and Piano*
Miss Frances Little	*Latin*
Miss Helen Gromme	*Piano*
Miss Louise McCord	*Art*
Miss Annie Perry Neal	*Grade Teacher*
Mrs. E. A. Sutton	*Mathematics and Sciences*
Miss Mary J. Yarbrough	*Modern Languages*
Miss Marie Ware	*Physical Education and Dramatics*
Mrs. N. B. Sandifer	*Secretary*
Miss Mabel Hayes	*Nurse*
Mrs. L. H. Granberry	*Dietitian*

SENIOR

Senior Class Poem

The wheel of time has rolled away the years,
And we at last have reached an open gate,
Where we may pause a moment to relate,
To those we leave, the laughter, joys and tears
That we will treasure through our hopes and fears
As we climb toward the higher goals that wait
For those who never tarry till too late;
But turn with smiles to face the farthest piers.
O Senior class, may love and courage serve
As never failing friends in all you do.
And with ambition leading toward your aim,
However far your wand'ring path may curve;
Look back sometime on those who've aided you
To start the race in future's unknown game.

JENNIE HOWE,
Class Poet.

MISS HELEN FILL, *Sponsor*

Senior Class

OFFICERS

MOTTO: *"Ad astra per astram"*

FLOWER: *Daisy* COLORS: *Green and White*

EDITH JOHNSON ..... *President*

FRANCES CHATHAM ..... *Vice-President*

CAROLYN HODGSON ..... *Secretary*

VIRGINIA BAILEY ..... *Treasurer*

EDITH JOHNSON

Entered, '26; Candidate for Diploma; President of Class, '27, '28, '29, '30; Glee Club, '27, Secretary and Treasurer, '28, President, '29, Vice-President, '30; Dramatic Club, '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Basketball, '27, Captain, '28, '29, '30; Class Hockey Team, '27, '28, '29; Class Volleyball Team, '27, '28, Captain, '29, '30; Lavender, '27, '28, Captain, '29, '30; Lavender Basketball Team, '27, '28, Captain, '29, '30; Class Baseball Team, '27, '28, '29; All-Star Team, '28; Varsity Basketball Team, '27, '28, '29, Captain, '30; Best Athlete, '29, '30; President Athletic Association, '29, Vice-President, '30; Girl Reserve Cabinet, '29, '30; French Club, '30; Best All-Round, '30; Chief Commencement Marshal, '29; President of Student Body, '30; Wearer of "27", "28", "F", and Star.

Behold "Pat," the leader of our class for four years. We have always found her willing to assist in every phase of school life. Attractiveness, magnetism, and a wealth of ability have won for her distinctive honors, our "Best All-Round" and our "Best Athlete." Living life to the fullest, she has won a place in our hearts that will always remain dear.

To enter Wesleyan Conservatory

FRANCES GWYN CHATHAM

Entered, '29; Candidate for Diploma; Vice-President of Senior Class, '30; Vice-President of Dramatic Club, '30; Girl Reserve Cabinet, '30; French Club, '30; Social Editor of SAPPHIRE, '30; White, '30; Class Basketball, '30; Class Volleyball, '30; Happiest, '30; Class Lawyer, '30; May Queen, '30.

Frances, "a maiden calm, serene, and shy." Her sweet disposition, her unassuming manner, her friendliness and untiring energy have won her many friends among teachers and students at Fassifern. Frances is always willing to do her share in any undertaking, not only willing, but capable. She is a loyal and conscientious student, and has a fine sense of humor along with the love for fun and good times. Good luck to Frances, the "Happiest" on the Fassifern campus.

To enter Sweet Briar

CAROLYN HODGSON

Entered, '29; Candidate for Diploma; Secretary of Senior Class, '30; Girl Reserve Cabinet, '30; Secretary and Treasurer of French Club, '30; White, '30; Sub-varsity, '30; White Basketball, '30; Class Basketball, '30; Class Volleyball, '30; Most Popular, '30; Cutest, '30.

Fassifern is proud of Carol. Her genuine loyalty, her quick sympathy, her true fidelity, her ready smile and her straight forward manner have won for her a host of friends. As she leaves us, she takes with her the wishes of the faculty and students, that success and happiness will continue to be hers in the future.

VIRGINIA BAILEY

Entered, '27; Candidate for Diploma; Treasurer of Senior Class, '30; Glee Club, '28, '29, '30; Dramatic Club, '28, '29, '30; Lavender, '28, '29, '30; Varsity Hockey, '28; Class Volleyball, '30; Lavender Hockey, '28; Wearer of "30"; Commencement Marshal, '29.

Popular, studious, jovial, she takes life as it comes, yet leaves an impression of dependability and capability. Bailey's singular identities are: The baby of the class '30, the giggler of the class '30, and the continuous chatterer of the class '30—about "Bubby." Nature has endowed her with many talents. Her musicianship and ability in artistic accomplishments are traits which make her a distinctive Senior at Fassifern. We are predicting for Bailey a brilliant future and wishing her all good fortune.

Felicia Hill Allen

Entered, '29; Candidate for Diploma; White, '30; Varsity Basketball, '30; Class Basketball, '30; White Basketball, '30; Class Volleyball, '30.

"Lish" joined us in our Senior year. Her motto might be "Love thyself last," since she does not claim any of her graces and talents, but leaves it to her friends to discover them. One not knowing "Lish" would think that she is quiet and demure, but think twice before you speak. She's a real sport and quite an athlete—the mainstay of the basketball team. A better liked and truer friend on the Fassifern campus cannot be found.

Delphine Carter Crump

Entered, '29; Candidate for Diploma; French Club, '30; Cheer Leader, '30; White, '30; Class Basketball, '30; Class Volleyball, '30.

Along with a winsome personality goes the purity of heart, the happy disposition, and the strength of character that makes Carter the good sport and the ideal friend. She is ever ready to join the jolly throng and do her share in fun-making. A personality spiced with an agreeable amount of temper and added to energy like Carter's will get her wherever she is directed.

To enter Hollins

Evelyn Elliot

Entered, '28; Candidate for Diploma; French Club, '30; Lavender, '29, '30; Class Basketball, '29, '30; Class Volleyball, '29, '30.

Evelyn's conception of life is—never a worry, never a care, just let it all go and it will all end well. Quite a wonderful trait, but one which so few of us have. She always has a good time regardless of lessons. Her daintiness, quiet and amiable ways have won for her many dear friends. As Evelyn leaves Fassifern she takes with her our best wishes for future happiness and success.

Hazel Lucas Ewbank

Entered, '21; Candidate for Diploma; Mascot, '22, '23, '24, '25; Lavender, '28, '29, '30; French Club, '30; Maid of Honor, '30.

Hazel is a mixture of courtesy, beauty, and sweetness. She has a quiet, lady-like disposition, and is liked by all for her friendliness. She has been with us four years, a pal, friend, and classmate, never to be forgotten. Know Hazel and love her.

JENNIE HOWE

Entered, '23; Candidate for Diploma; Commencement Play, '25; May Queen's Train-bearer, '24, '25, '26; Class President, '25; Commencement Marshal, '29; Vice-President of French Club, '30; White, '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Poet, '30; Editor-in-chief of SAPPHIRE, '30.

SAPPHIRE'S editor—that's Jennie. Through determination and controlled will, she has gained this distinction on the Fassifern campus. She is one of the most conscientious girls in her class. A unique individuality and a commendable student. May your quiet ways and smiling disposition bring you friends, success and happiness, Jennie.

To enter Sweet Briar

HALLIE VYE PADDON

Entered, '29; Candidate for Diploma; Girl Reserve Cabinet, '30; Snapshot Editor of SAPPHIRE, '30; Lavender, '30; Class Volleyball, '30.

We have found a true friend in Hallie, our typical Charlestonian. She faces life and her friends with sunniest and most even of tempers, always exemplifying the generous, the accommodating, and the true phases of her nature. As Hallie leaves us, we are wishing for her the best of good things.

ABBY LAURA PAULSEN

Entered, '29; Candidate for Diploma; Glee Club, '30; French Club, '30; Lavender, '30.

"Tubby" comes to us as a Senior, and, because of her unselfishness and kindness, has made herself a loyal friend. She is "not too serious, not too gay, but a rare good fellow when it comes to play." In spite of occasional frankness and sarcasm, "Tubby" is a good sport, and we wish her the best of luck.

SUSAN PERRY ROGERS

Entered, '28; Candidate for Diploma; School Marshal, '30; Dramatic Club, '29, '30; French Club, '30; Assistant Business Manager SAPPHIRE, '29; Business Manager SAPPHIRE, '30; White, '29, '30; White Basketball, '29, '30; White Volleyball, '29, '30; Class Basketball, '29, '30.

A girl sincere, efficient, and competent is "Sue." As business manager of THE SAPPHIRE, as a participant in the school activities, and as a student, she is a girl of ability and success. She has won our true respect by her absolute sincerity, her persistence, and her true friendship. "Sue" believes that success in life is determined by what we do, not what we say. She has already attained the master keys of success—determination and intellectual curiosity, and no girl has a more promising future than "Sue" Rogers.

To enter Sweet Briar

AVIS CLAIRE WILLISTON

Entered, '27; Candidate for Diploma; Glee Club, '27, '28; Dramatic Club, '27, '28, '29; Dramatic Club Play, '27, '28; Lavender, '27, '28, '29; Class Hockey, '27; Class Basketball, '27, '28; Girl Reserve Cabinet, '28, '29; Vice-President of Class, '27, Secretary and Treasurer, '28; Wearer of "F" and Star, '28; Commencement Marshal, '29; School Marshal, '30; Photo Editor of SAPPHIRE, '30; Class Prophet, '30.

Avis has confirmed the saying that "still waters run deep." Though we have not fathomed the depths of her nature, we admire her for her abilities and determination. She doesn't hesitate to express her opinions, which usually are right. The less serious side of her make-up permits her to contribute to good times as well as to have them. Love to Avis always and success in all she undertakes.

First Row (left to right)—SANDIFER, DOUGLAS, REYNOLDS. *Second Row*—SHIPMAN, GARRISON, DIGGS, MOSS.

Specials

OFFICERS

MISS ELIZABETH DOUGLAS, *Sponsor*

ERNESTINE REYNOLDS ..... *President*

GEORGE SANDIFER ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

Members	*Occupation at Fassifern*
MARY DIGGS	Keeping up with the times
WINIFRED GARRISON	Driving her Ford
JANE MOSS	Accompanying
ERNESTINE REYNOLDS	Dancing
GEORGE SANDIFER	Borrowing Books
GARNETTE SHIPMAN	Dramatic Art

Senior Class History

"Now, children, if you'll promise to be good, I will tell you a story that has been going on here for four beautiful years," whispered the mother pine that stood just outside of McBee Hall.

"Seems strange," she went on, "that from the entire Freshman class, four years back, only two have remained until the end. One is dear old Jennie. I knew she would stay for she is the faithful kind. The other is Pat. Ah, I remember Pat's first day; how scared she did look in her little red dress holding her mother's hand. How happy I was to see all those girls come, fourteen in all; but children, how heart-breaking to see them leave. While they were here they did great things, things that will live in their memories and mine.

"When that rollicking Sophomore class came, bringing Virginia Bailey and Hazel Ewbank to stay with us until the end, I thought this campus was complete. Miss Kirby was their sponsor and many were the good times they had together that year. Those girls weren't bad, but just full of fun. I'm thinking of one girl now that slept in her own room exactly one night after the Christmas holidays. And as for watching the teachers coming in with their dates—why that was a usual occurrence each night. Pop, out would go the screens; then the fun began. Well, darlings, this went on the entire year and those girls were clever enough to get by with it. And now come more tears. June came with white dresses and glowing commencement exercises, and all the girls I loved so dearly left. I knew that some would return, but felt that others would not.

"When September came, I strained my branches to see them coming back. I was able to recognize the Juniors by the masterful look one gets when reaching the second last notch of the ladder. This is the active group that came. Gertrude Mott and Virginia Dean led the line. Winnie was back, and to my joy, I saw several new faces. Sue Rogers, Nettie Jones, and Evelyn Elliot were the very first, but I found out that very day that our own little Dean was going to be a Senior! I was thrilled for her, but grieved for the Junior class. Avis Williston joined the Juniors that year, and by then I was looking forward to some eventful happenings. Nor was I at all disappointed. I watched those same girls come right on up to the top in everything. They opened the Junior Tea House and put real furniture in it. Oh, it was attractive; all orange and black; and the wonderful things they sold there—all to give the Senior class a banquet. Not one penny did they use for themselves. Those Juniors were not only good cooks, but were fine actresses as well. The girls from the Junior English class gave a play called 'Enter the Hero' and such a hero was Mott! Even though Virginia Bailey did knock the mirror off the mantel, the play was a success. And do you know where the money went, children? Straight to the annual fund, for those wise girls knew they'd be the victims soon. Not that that was a hint to the coming Junior class—no, not at all! Did they feel big when they got their 'Junior privilege' of going to Pedans each Wednesday all alone! My, I thought surely that some of them would burst with pride. But all things must end; so, when the third of June came, I was half-way reconciled to the fact that they must go. Somehow, I felt they'd return the next year, so I tried to smile and look forward to September.

"Sooner than I expected, September came rolling around. My pride was surging to the very top, for were they not going to be right under my watchful eye? Yes, babes, they came to McBee. They all had a look of contentment and joy on their faces, for they felt they had reached the top, and now, all that was needed was a push to go over into the big world. Dear old Mott didn't return, but many new girls arrived. Frances Chatham was one of the first, bless her little heart—her little 'poop, poop, pi do's' were the first things I heard each morning. Always happy! But then the whole class was. Carter Crump and Hallie Paddon were a great pair—and dear old Carol—she's from 'Bowston,' you know. 'Lish' Allen came, too, and 'Tubby' was the other one that helped to make up the liveliest group of Seniors Fassifern has ever known. Miss Fill, the chosen sponsor for the year, helped her children through many hard places. I believe she put in a good word for them when the privileges were brought up. Such P. C.'s I've never seen. The grand part about it is the girls weren't the least bit spoiled—something unusual, dear ones, remember that. But then they were an unusual class. One afternoon I saw them leave McBee dressed in their very best and remembered that Miss Lacy and Miss Fill were giving them a bridge party—the first to be had at Fassifern. Well, didn't they feel big, though? It was an enjoyable party and they all had loads of fun. A few weeks later, Hazel Ewbank gave a bridge party for them and they all enjoyed that too. But, one thing that happened in McBee worried me a great deal. That was that little rebelious feeling those girls got one day. The meetings they would have in their rooms were terrifying. I was afraid they would crave too much liberty and do something drastic, but after a little understanding talk with Miss Lacy, they calmed down. Christmas was coming too, and everyone was duly excited. The McBeeans had fixed the large room in the front of the house into a lovely sitting room. The night before they went home for the holidays, they gave a wonderful Christmas party, each giving a gift to the other. After the party, those Seniors wound it up by going in the different halls to sing the carols. Ah, little ones, how impressive those carols were on that last night before going home. None of us shall ever forget them. The months rolled by. After the holidays, one of our beloved Seniors, Nettie, left us; still many pranks were played in the halls of McBee. One day we were all surprised to see a new paved walk being laid from McBee to Shipp. How proud we all were of it. But time flies! I feel as though I've been dreaming and the day has come for my girls to graduate! Children, I don't believe I can bear to let them go. I love them so much, how can I let them leave me, never to return? Why, babes, you are crying, and I am too. But we must be glad for them. They have done well and must go out and succeed in the world. May fate be kind and smile on each of them. Seniors may come and go in my heart, but children, the class of '30 will stay there forever!"

EDITH JOHNSON,
Class Historian.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Seniors of 1930, being sober and what not, at times, do hereby bequeath the following to the fortunate victims of fate:

1. To Dr. Sevier, we leave our appreciation of the many things he has done to make our class grow.

2. We leave our affection and devotion to Miss Lacy, the one who has taken us by the hand and led us through these four wonderful years.

3. To the Juniors, we grant dear old McBee, hoping that on cold mornings they won't break the register.

4. Pat Johnson bequeaths to Frances McCalla her pet expression, "The meeting will please be called to order," hoping that it will be successful.

5. To Eleanor Miller, Virginia Bailey surrenders her voice. We pity the one who rooms next to Eleanor.

6. Felicia Allen gives her blushing power to M. A. Welch. Here's hoping that she will never have to use it on the basketball court.

7. Carol Hodgson bequeaths her clinging vines to Hope Rockwell. "Hope, we hope you will be able to keep them as well as Carol."

8. To Louise Timlin, Evelyn Elliot relinquishes her ardent love for moving picture actors, the ones on the wall and all.

9. Tubby Paulson leaves her "frank tongue" to Violet Ventress. "May she not lash too many with it."

10. Carter Crump bequeaths her hilarious laughter to Bobbie Suckle.

11. To Kit Welch, Sue Rogers commits all her fond admirers from Asheville School.

12. Hallie Vye Padden passes her Charlestonian brogue to Polly Seabrook, hoping that she might carry on the custom.

13. Jennie bequeaths her fondness of Virgil to Nan Davis. "Come on, Nan, we are betting on you."

14. Hazel Ewbank leaves her well kept hair to Mary Charlotte.

15. Avis Williston resigns her arguing ability to Harriet Garrou.

16. And now, the most sacred of our possessions—we devise our privileges to the Junior class. "Be good, Juniors, or you will have to look at them through a glass cage."

17. And I, because all of the fond possessions of the Senior class have been disposed of, do hereby add this document to THE SAPPHIRE'S treasured pages.

Signed by: FRANCES CHATHAM,
Class Lawyer.

Witnesses:

1. McBee's Kittens
2. Goldfish
3. Herman

Senior Class Prophecy

"Thou 'Crystal Friend' information I seekest of the Fassifern class of '30. Having been away from school for these past ten years, on this anniversary of that memorable occasion of graduation, yieldest thou truths of that small but interesting 'Senior Class.'

"Thou seekest knowledge which I shall willingly yield.

"Rememberest ye, Hallie Paddon, demure but popular. At intervals in the past years I have taken deep interest in her life. Just recently the plan of her life changed completely and at present she is in the United States Senate, boosting her state, South Carolina, and holds the floor in her fight for improvements.

"Yea another! Having studied at various conservatories, danced at the local town theatre, she has eventually found her calling. 'Pat' is the physical education instructor at Fassifern! We know her delight as now she has the undisputed word; she has charge of the Glee Club, Dramatic Club, and Girl Reserves. Praise Allah! Under her guidance Sunday walks have given over to drawing room dates.

"Ah! Spirit of Wisdom, thou hast told of only two, others remain; leavest thou not yet!

"Granted! At this moment in far away Africa a willing, loyal worker strives to better the unlearned and aid them. Jennie's endeavors are performed single handedly except for the guidance of the most powerful of all Rulers.

"Delphine Carter Crump, known to her friends as 'Carter,' has an elaborate apartment on aristocratic Riverside Drive in New York City. Her entertainments and dinners have won her world-wide renown. Despite her numerous social engagements 'Carter' retains her love for athletics and delights in witnessing a good exciting basketball game.

"The spirit of wisdom says that our ever-faithful Abby Laura has won recognition in this old world! She has been promoted from chief dietitian at West Point to a very intellectual professorship. Her lectures are famous and she has resigned the professorship, devoting her entire life to lecturing.

"Hazel, attractive even in her school days, is now the proprietress of a fashionable gown shop in Paris. Mme. Ewbank's gowns are advanced models and her shop can nearly be called a social salon. It is the password of the social élite.

"In things right here in our own country, resides Virginia. At last we are glad to say that Bailey has grown up and is viewing the world with a serious aspect. Her sweet voice now is the drawing card for the Metropolitan Opera Company, where she is the leading soprano.

"Frances, with her patience, is dearly loved by the youngsters! She is teaching kindergarten in a northern city. Aside from her school duties, she is popular in the social set and continues to favor her friends with numerous readings.

"It is most amusing but nevertheless interesting, Evelyn is teaching 'solid geometry' at the State University. Her patience and tireless explanations are most beneficial to the students. Outside of school hours she does acrobatic stunts on the stage and instructs others in the tricks of the trade.

"Ah! There's Carol, our budding genius even in the days of Fassifern. Having studied abroad, she has completely mastered the art of drawing. Her attic studio is lined with art medals and sportsman's medals. Only recently she astonished sportsmen the world over by the daring way she competed in sailboat races.

"Lish, with her home-making and loving qualities, has developed into the efficient counselor and lightens the cares and troubles of many. Her happy, contented life is shared by her interesting little family. One looks with envy upon the family that lives under her continual guidance, in the little cozy cottage on Main street, Lewisburg.

"Sue has profited by her many criticisms and is now one of the world's outstanding critics. Her articles are most amusing and she also displays her poetic talent in many of them. Sue still enjoys her leisure hours and is very popular with her friends and devoted admirers."

"Ah, my ever faithful, Crystal Friend! Kind and thoughtful thou hast been in thy patient and untiring endeavors to seek knowledge of the Senior Class of '30."

AVIS WILLISTON,
Class Prophet.

JUNIORS

Junior Epitaphs

Here doth the bones of Dot Brown lie,
She died from eating Sheperd's pie.

Here doth the dust of Bobbie rot,
She died to still be next to Dot.

'Neath this slab lies an intellect tired,
"The bright die young," so Frank expired.

One letter short did Jimmie send,
This quickened poor Dot Miller's end.

Marianna's dust lies here about,
Because her sins did find her out.

Virginia Dobbs, she died quite young,
Because she soon wore out her tongue.

Old fashioned boys there no more are,
So Helen left and crossed the bar.

Louis Brown was not asbestos,
So Elec Simons' gone and left us.

On this earth long our Hope did tarry,
But died for fear that Charlie'd marry.

If heaven isn't quiet enough,
Jane will leave there in a huff.

An angel suggested Marie Brown's hair,
So fate saw fit to put it there.

Evelyn Brooks lies 'neath this soil,
Finished by her paint and oil.

She ate so much all through the day
That Lollie's passed upon her way.

The ghost of Evelyn's flitted by
To comfort the angels in the sky.

From her gay life poor Nan did start
From trying to keep her men apart.

From suffocation Kit passed away,
To sweeter spots she's gone to stay.

Our Peg Pettee's young life was quenched
By her violent enemy, fourth year French.

So soon at Easter one night goes
That Polly dear turned up her toes.

Louise Howe, our poet great,
Died from grief of dear Hope's fate.

Ginny, as usual, came in late,
Will Peter open wide the gate?

Front Row (left to right)—Goodman, Welch, Rockwell, McCalla, Wagner, Morgan. *Second Row*—Davis, Dobbs, Brown, Yarbrough, Simons, Herring, Brooks, Welch. *Third Row*—Pettee, Howe, Brown, Seabrook, Comfort, Miller.

Junior Class

Motto: *"Ever Faithful"*

Flower: *Rose* Colors: *Rose and Silver*

Miss Mary Jim Yarbrough, *Sponsor*

OFFICERS

Frances McCalla ..... *President*
Hope Rockwell ..... *Vice-President*
M. A. Welch ..... *Secretary*
Helen Wagner ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Evelyn Brooks
Dorothy Browne
Marie Brown
Evelyn Comfort
Nan Davis
Virginia Dobbs
Bobbie Goodman
Laura Ella Herring
Louise Howe
Marianna Morgan
Frances McCalla
Dorothy Miller
Peggie Pettee
Hope Rockwell
Eleanor Simons
Pauline Seabrook
Helen Wagner
Kathleen Welch
M. A. Welch

SOPHOMORE

Front Row (left to right)—Miller, Kirby, Burroughs, Sutton, Garvey, Milton. *Second Row*—Harris, Dillard, Satterfield, Allen, Balentine, Timlin, Glaros. *Third Row*—Cowart, Parks.

Sophomore Class

MOTTO: *"On the heights but still climbing"*

FLOWER: *Daisy* COLORS: *Yellow and White*

MRS. EMMA SUTTON, *Sponsor*

OFFICERS

VIRGINIA BURROUGHS ..... *President*
JOAN GARVEY ..... *Vice-President*
SUNSHINE KIRBY ..... *Secretary*
MARY LEE POINDEXTER ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS	CAN YOU IMAGINE HER—?	AMBITION
Martha Allen	An aesthetic dancer	To ride in a yellow Buick
Lenora Balentine	Having a crush	To be in love
Virginia Burroughs	An algebra teacher	To be a butcher
Elizabeth Cowart	Ever on time	To sleep all day
Janet Dillard	On a date	To be slender
Jean Garvey	Freezing	To be a business woman
Joan Garvey	Not thinking of Jean	To fall for an unmarried man
Virginia Glaros	As Aphrodite	To always be on speaking terms
Evelyn Hewitt	Not talking in history	To be a howling success
Sunshine Kirby	Talking fast	To stop Ophelia's chatter for five minutes
Eleanor Miller	Not in love	To be like Avis
Sallie Milton	With D. P.	To have a pet mouse
Carrie Parks	A chorus girl	To sling paint
Mary Poindexter	Not asking "why"	To get Sallie up in the morning
Satterfield	Presented at court	To receive a letter from Nancy Welch
Louise Timlin	Ignoring a pair of pants	We all know
Phyllis Harris	Not fussing with Grace	To be a barber

FRESHMAN

Front Row (left to right)—SUCKLE, STUBBS, HILL. *Second Row*—CASTON, RHINEWALT, NEAL, JOHNSON, CHARLOTTE, BARRETT. *Third Row*—JEPSON, GARROU, CARLISLE, WHITE, VENTRESS.

Freshman Class

MOTTO: *"Much in little"*

FLOWER: *Iris* COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

MISS ANNIE PERRY NEAL, *Sponsor*

OFFICERS

JEANNE JOHNSON ..... *President*
BETTY RHINEWALT ..... *Vice-President*
MARY CHARLOTTE ..... *Secretary*
STELLA BARRETT ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

STELLA BARRETT
MARY CHARLOTTE
ALICE CARLISLE
OPHELIA CASTON
HARRIET GARROU
PATSY HILL
JEANNE JOHNSON
GRACE JEPSON
BOBBIE SUCKLE
LUCILLE STUBBS
BETTY RHINEWALT
BARBARA WHITE
VIOLET VENTRESS

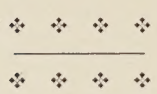
The Ideal Girl of Fassifern

From top to toe to choose aright
And make a most immortal sprite,
I'd steal away a bit of booty
From each girl's most personal beauty.
I'd take Miss Chatham's golden hair,
The complexion of our Peggy fair.
I'd add the eyes of Laura Herring
And mount them on Miss Timlin's bearing.
Dot Miller's teeth set firm and true,
With Carol's lips of vivid hue,
Miss Reynold's legs perhaps I'd add.
Our M.A.'s hands would be the fad.
We'd use our Frank's most excellent brain,
Pat's conversation with little strain.
Jean Johnson's disposition sweet,
Virginia Bailey's dainty feet.
And there before you, don't look stern,
The ideal girl of Fassifern.

A Triolet

To write this short rhyme
Is more work than you see.
It's a task which takes time—
To write this short rhyme—
And if you've written thine,
I'm sure you'll agree:
To write this short rhyme
Is more work than you see.

CAROLYN HODGSON, '30.



Retreat

There's a spot among the shadows
  Of the dancing summer leaves,
Where a silver stream of water
  Babbles 'round the roots of trees;
And 'tis there when I am lonely
  That I like to go and think,
While I lean against the tree trunk
  Near the little brooklet's brink.
Just as in a midnight's dream
  My thoughts begin to drift away,
And the happiest moments of my life
  Seem there in full display.
For what can be more beautiful
  Than thoughts of those you love,
When they're fitted in with nature
  Like the trees and stars above?

JENNIE HOWE, '30.

CLUBS

Front Row (left to right)—Welch, Johnson, Fill, Wagner, Rockwell, Goodman. *Second Row*—Pettee, Welch, Parks, Barrett, Bailey, Seabrook, Browne. *Third Row*—Harris, Davis, Miller.

Glee Club

OFFICERS

Miss Helen Fill ..... *Director*
Helen Wagner ..... *President*
Edith Johnson ..... *Vice-President*
Hope Rockwell ..... *Secretary*

MEMBERS

Virginia Bailey
Stella Barrett
Dorothy Browne
Virginia Burroughs
Nan Davis
Bobbie Goodman
Phyllis Harris
Edith Johnson
Eleanor Miller
Carrie Parks
Abby Laura Paulsen
Peggy Pettee
Hope Rockwell
Pauline Seabrook
Helen Wagner
Kit Welch
Margaret Ann Welch

Front Row (left to right)—Welch, Sandifer, Ware, Chatham, Cover. *Second Row*—Burroughs, Jepson, Dillard, Bailey, Timlin, Kirby, McCalla. *Third Row*—Williston, Rogers, Johnson, Barrett, Morgan, Johnson, Davis. *Fourth Row*—Reynolds, Rockwell, Wagner, Cowart.

Dramatic Club

OFFICERS

Miss Marie Ware ..... *Director*
M. A. Welch ..... *President*
Frances Chatham ..... *Vice-President*
Jane Cover ..... *Secretary*
George Sandifer ..... *Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Virginia Bailey
Virginia Burroughs
Stella Barrett
Frances Chatham
Jane Cover
Elizabeth Cowart
Janet Dillard
Nan Davis
Grace Jepson
Edith Johnson
Jeanne Johnson
Sunshine Kirby
Marianna Morgan
Frances McCalla
Ernestine Reynolds
Susan Rogers
Hope Rockwell
George Sandifer
Louise Timlin
Helen Wagner
M. A. Welch
Avis Williston

Girl Reserve Cabinet

Frances McCalla	*President*
Kathleen Welch	*Vice-President*
Hallie Paddon	*Secretary*
George Sandifer	*Treasurer*
Helen Wagner	*Chairman of Program Committee*
Carol Hodgson	*Chairman of Poster Committee*
Avis Williston	*Chairman of Service Committee*
Frances Chatham	*Chairman of Social Committee*
Edith Johnson	*Chairman of Music Committee*
Jane Cover	*Chairman of Membership Committee*

Front Row (left to right)—Bailey, Pettee, Yarbrough, Cover, Paulsen. *Second Row*—Rogers, Chatham, Rockwell, Miller, Johnson, Elliot. *Third Row*—Seabrook, Welch, Davis, Hodgson.

Le Cercle Francais

OFFICERS

Miss Mary Jim Yarbrough ..... *Director*
Hope Rockwell ..... *President*
Jennie Howe ..... *Vice-President*
Carol Hodgson ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*

LES MEMBRES

Virginia Bailey
Frances Chatham
Jane Cover
Nan Davis
Evelyn Elliot
Carol Hodgson
Edith Johnson
Dorothy Miller
Abby Laura Paulsen
Peggy Pettee
Sue Rogers
Hope Rockwell
Polly Seabrook
Kathleen Welch

All Because of One Letter

There are many parts of gay Paree that are not so gay, and there are many things in the romantic Latin quarter of the city that are not so romantic. Especially a tiny, dirty room, an empty stomach, and an emptier pocketbook.

Maurice Guillette had not only the tiny, dusty room, but he was also the possessor of the uncomfortably empty stomach and the sadly empty pocketbook. He sat before a littered table industriously chewing the end of a pencil and vainly casting about for an idea. Supposedly, he was writing a story, but in reality he was wondering where he could find an antidote for the empty stomach and a remedy for the empty purse.

Suddenly an emphatic knock interrupted his reverie.

"Good Lord," he murmured, "The landlady—I know that knock from long acquaintance. And I haven't a centime."

He unfolded his long, lank body, approached the door, and threw it open. There stood the familiar little round, squat figure, cheerfully frowning and clutching a letter in her fat, red hand.

"A letter for monsieur. Perhaps it is a cheque. Monsieur has owed me rent for over two months now."

"A minute, madame," cried Maurice, and seizing the letter, he tore the flap, yanked it from the envelope and dramatically unfolded it before the astonished gaze of his landlady.

"Ah madame," he shouted, his brown eyes twinkling, "it is a notice from my lawyers. I have today inherited 500,000 francs from my deceased grandfather. Now I can pay you twice two months' rent. But not now. First I must go to the lawyers and collect. And of course, now that I am a man of means, I cannot vulgarly hasten to demand the money. But soon you will have it all, madame, and I will leave off writing newspaper stories. I will even leave unfinished my great novel."

"Oh monsieur, I am so glad for you," said the beaming landlady. "Perhaps now you would like my first floor suite, running water, monsieur, and four windows."

"If the windows are as dirty downstairs as they are here, I don't need windows but doors," laughingly, but seeing the wounded expression on the landlady's face, he hastened to add, "But of course, madame, I must have your first floor suite. Nothing less will do, nothing less. I will move now."

And seizing the stack of papers from the table, he pranced madly out into the hall and clattered down the steps.

"Monsieur," shrieked the landlady, thrusting her head out of the door to watch him dash away, "you think only of your story and leave all your clothes."

Chuckling to herself, the round landlady toddled out into the hall after her lodger, her fat arms filled with the personal effects.

Downstairs in the suite, the door closed on the rotund back of the landlady, and Maurice was left standing alone in the middle of the room. His long, long hand reached into his pocket and he extracted a crumpled letter. Smoothing out the wrinkles, he read:

> MONSIEUR:
>
> We wish to inform you that your subscription to *La Petite Journal* has expired with the last issue. We would appreciate receipt of a letter in regard to its renewal.
>
> Yours truly,
>
> BERNIER & CHAPPELLE,
> *Publishers.*

Dropping into a chair, he laughed till tears rolled down his cheeks. Finally he stretched his long arm, clothed in a too short sleeve, to the table and took the telephone.

"Give me Monastier 3620. Hello, this is Guillette. Give me the editor. —Monsieur Merbuche? Guillette speaking. Monsieur, I wish to resign my position on your paper. I have inherited 500,000 francs and I am now a man of leisure. Thank you, monsieur, thank you. If I ever complete my story I will submit it to you. —oui, oui, monsieur, merci beaucoup."

No sooner had he set the telephone down than the door was thrown open and a veritable mob of his artist friends came streaming into the room, laughing and chattering. They seized him by the hand, kissed his cheeks, and danced him around the room. At last they pushed his long, gaunt figure into a chair and demanded full account of his good fortune.

"Not now, mes amies, not now. I am a man of affairs, and have important business to attend to."

But they would have none of his protestations. He was seized by eager friends and dragged off to their skylight rooms to partake of sausage and charteuse, and rejoice together over his good fortune. Thus his first meal.

* * * *

The young sun was just painting the dull housetops a brilliant flame color, when Guillette returned to his shabby luxurious suite.

He walked rather uncertainly into the room, and a happy though not particularly intelligent smile took up the part of his face that was not already occupied by his Roman nose. For the night had been long, and sausages without a liquid accompaniment are not appetizing. His long figure sprawled across the couch, and he slept until the sun neared the zenith.

Then the jangling of the telephone split the silence, and tore him from his slumbers. Slouching across the room, he took up the receiver and put it to his ear.

"Hello?"

"Oh Maurice, is it you?" and without pausing for a reply, the eager feminine voice rushed on— "I read in the paper last night that you had inherited 500,000 francs. I am so thrilled for you, and for myself, too. Now, Maurice, we won't have to wait for you to save money. We can get married right away, can't we?"

"You bet, dear. When? Just say the word, and make it soon!"

"Next week, Maurice? I can be ready by Wednesday."

"And I've got to see you soon, Elise. I'll tell you what, the occasion ought to be celebrated. How about a dinner party tomorrow night? Invite whoever you want and we'll do it in a big way. Don't forget, dear, I'm always crazy about you!"

He hung up the receiver and dashed to the window. Thrusting his head out, he saw a tattered little newsboy pass. His long arm reached down and he deftly extracted a paper from his pack. Quickly he glanced over the front page, and there, tucked in one corner, he read the item:

"Our former reporter, well known to the readers of this paper, Maurice Guillette, has recently inherited 500,000 francs from his deceased grandfather, Monsieur Descartes. It is rumored that he will soon marry his fianceé, the lovely Elise Leonard, daughter of the Prefect de Police."

Heretofore he had thought only of the absurdity of his situation, but now he suddenly realized that he was in a desperate plight. Living in a suite when he could not meet the payment of a tiny room, giving a dinner the next night when he not only lacked money to pay the caterer, but also lacked a dress suit, and his marriage day set for the next week—when he had not one centime.

What insane whim made him begin this farce, and then carry it to the extent of resigning his position and deceiving the girl he loved? Something had to be done and done quickly.

But for once his fertile brain refused to function. He strode back and forth across the room, alternately running his fingers through his hair and kicking the table legs. He thought despairingly of how empty his own stomach was and how powerless he was to fill it. How would he fill the stomachs at the dinner the next night?

But Providence watches over all, ever-helping, and Providence functions differently in France than it does in America.

A sharp knock sounded on the door, and before Maurice could call "come in," it was thrown open by the rotund landlady. In marched a huge chef with a white cap perched on his head, and a steaming tray in his hands. Setting the tray on the table, he approached Maurice and animatedly gesticulating said:

"Monsieur Guillette, my congratulations—I hear that tomorrow you are giving a dinner. I wish to solicit your business so I have brought you an example of our cookery. I own the cafe around the corner, and I would serve you well."

"I am sure, monsieur, that your service would please me. May I place my order with you for dinner at eight? Fifteen couples, and I leave all the arrangements to you."

"Merci beaucoup, monsieur, we will serve you royally."

Thus his second meal.

Maurice eagerly sat down at the table, and it was scarcely ten minutes before all the food had disappeared. He had just taken care of the last olive, when another knock sounded, and the landlady ushered in two well-tailored gentlemen.

"Monsieur Guillette," said one, "We come representing the most select tailor in Paris. Realizing that you will require a complete wardrobe, we bring with us a tuxedo, which we present to you as an example of our work. May we hope to have your business in the future?"

Overpowered at his good fortune, Maurice sank into a chair. Weakly he allowed them to take his measurements, and the order for the suggested wardrobe.

The dinner at the cafe the next night was a great success, and Maurice's long, bony figure looked almost handsome in his perfectly tailored dress suit. But all through the dinner he was in an agony of fear lest his deceit be discovered.

After that night Maurice dined every day at the cafe, and every night he lay awake and wondered how he could pay the ever-growing bill.

There was also the small matter of the tailor's bill, which was mounting as steadily as his closet filled.

The papers were filled with the account of the impercunious young author and his sudden transition to wealth. Every night the society columns blazed forth his day's doings, and soon the name "Maurice Guillette" was famous all over Paris.

Meanwhile his wedding day approached, and he was as far as ever from a solution of his difficulty. He had long ago abandoned the idea of confessing the truth to Elise, and he lived in perpetual fear lest she discover his deceit.

At last the momentous day dawned. In alternate frenzies of exhaustion and dread, Maurice donned his dress suit.

The wedding was scheduled for ten o'clock. At fifteen minutes of that hour, Maurice stood in the vestry room of the church, agonizedly mopping his perspiring brow.

Presently the door was pushed open, and a tall silk hat walked into the room. Underneath the hat was a small, bespectacled face, decorated with a short grey beard. Directly below the beard was a conventional dress suit, a gold-headed cane, and shiny black shoes.

Maurice turned to look at the intruder. His mouth dropped open, and—

"Grandfather!" he groaned.

"Certainly, my boy. You've hit it exactly. Grandfather is the word." And fluttering up to Maurice, he seized his hand and began pumping it. "Congratulations, my boy, congratulations."

"Grandfather!" repeated Maurice weakly.

"Yes, of course, grandfather. Who's arguing about it anyway?"

"Good Lord!" groaned Maurice, "Might have known you'd choose this minute to turn up. Sit down, sit down. You might as well know the worst now." And the little man was pushed into a chair, propelled by Maurice's long, lank arms.

Five minutes sufficed for an explanation that was worthy of even an erstwhile sob-story writer. At its conclusion the little man was ready to burst into tears because he had not died and left his grandson 500,000 francs.

A boisterous silence pervaded the room.

"Say something," uttered Maurice, in a hoarse, hushed voice.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha," said the little man, his diminuitive grey beard bobbing up and down and his black clad shoulders shaking. "Ha, ha, ha." Suddenly his laughter ceased. He drew out his watch and glanced at its face. "We'd better get right down to business, my boy. You've only got five minutes before you meet the bride at the altar. Now let me see, 500,000 francs, was it? I'll just write you a cheque for that amount. A boy with your imagination deserves it. Killing me off, were you? Well, well, well. Ha, ha, ha! This'll be my wedding present. Or no—better yet—now your name is famous, you can write articles, stories, anything, and get big money for them—like Coolidge and Lindbergh. Then in little or no time you'll be paying me back, and supporting me in my old age."

Maurice, literally afraid to look a beneficiary in the face, gazed into space and dazedly tucked the cheque in his vest pocket.

"Now, my boy, you must hurry. You'll see me again, but not till you've named your first son after Grandfather Descartes!"

And opening the door, he thrust the dumbfounded boy into the crowded church, to meet his charming, white-clad bride at the altar.

FINIS

MARGARET ANN WELCH, '31.

ATHLETICS

Even this year are a baby at times I love you heaps - Joan.

HOPE ROCKWELL
M. A. WELCH

MISS MARIE WARE
BETTY RHINEWALT

PAT JOHNSON
JOAN GARVEY

Athletic Association

MISS MARIE WARE ..... *Director*
HOPE ROCKWELL ..... *President*
PAT JOHNSON ..... *Vice-President*
M. A. WELCH ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
JOAN GARVEY ..... *Sophomore Representative*
BETTY RHINEWALT ..... *Freshman Representative*

The girls of Fassifern are divided into two groups, the Lavenders and Whites, each having its own selected teams for the various sports. Throughout the year, games are played exhibiting friendly rivalry between the two factions. At the end of the year, a beautiful cup is awarded the side that has gained the majority of athletic honors.

The varsity team, chosen from the entire student body, plays many interscholastic games with other high schools. Loyal support and keen interest are given to all Fassifern's athletic activities.

VARSITY TEAM
CARTER
PHYLIS
CAPTAIN "PAT"
"POLLY"
"LISH"
MORGAN
GEORGE
"DOT"
SUBS
MISS WARE

Lavenders

PAT JOHNSON, *Captain*

ALLEN, M.
BARRETT
BAILEY
BROWNE, D.
BURROUGHS
BALENTINE
ELLIOT
GARVEY, JEAN
HARRIS
HERRING
GLAROS
GARROU
JEPSON
KIRBY
JOHNSON
MORGAN
PARKS
POINDEXTER
MILTON
PADDEN
SUCKLE
STUBBS
SEABROOK
SIMONS
REYNOLDS
WAGNER
WILLISTON
ROCKWELL
RHINEWALT
VENTRESS

TEAM

JOHNSON, E., *Captain* ..... *Left Forward*
ELLIOT ..... *Right Forward*
SEABROOK ..... *Center Forward*
BROWNE, D. ..... *Left Guard*
ALLEN, M. ..... *Right Guard*
MORGAN ..... *Center Guard*

Substitute: Rockwell.

Tallie horse-
he's haven't
seen much of
you this year, Doe
enjoyed Drawing you
head- be good, Bride
Neal then (?) Hope
summer

Whites

FRANCES MCCALLA, *Captain*

ALLEN, F.
BROWNE, M.
BROOKS
CASTON
CHARLOTTE
CARLISLE
COWART
CRUMP
COVER
CHATHAM
DAVIS
DILLARD
DIGGS
DOBBS
GARVEY, JOAN
GOODMAN
HILL
HODGSON
MILLER, E.
MILLER, D.
PETTEE
ROGERS
SANDIFER
SATTERFIELD
TIMLIN
WELCH, M. A.
WELCH, K.
WHITE

TEAM

MCCALLA, *Captain* ..... *Center Guard*
HODGSON ..... *Left Guard*
SANDIFER ..... *Right Guard*
TIMLIN ..... *Right Forward*
WELCH, M. A. ..... *Left Forward*
ALLEN, F. ..... *Jump Center*

Substitutes: Davis, Cowart, Rogers, Dobbs.

The Basketball Season

Fassifern	35
Brevard	34
Fassifern	21
Mills River	16
Fassifern	23
Hendersonville	22
Fassifern	11
Hendersonville	34
Fassifern	35
Tryon	34
Fassifern	23
Brevard	31

May Queen
"1930"

An English May Festival

By

LINWOOD TAFT, Ph.D.

DIRECTED BY MISS MARIE WARE

Her Most Gracious Majesty and England's Queen, Elizabeth, in the course of her progress through her kingdom visits Christ's Church in Oxford Town, the college founded by her father, Henry VIII, in 1525, and there on the great lawn, famous for its size and beauty, she receives her loyal and devoted subjects. They present before her for her entertainment and pleasure, games of chance and skill, feats of strength and daring, and a right merry interlude of Robin Hood and Friar Tuck, as portrayed by a band of strolling players.

The festivities are interrupted by the entrance of a noisy, rollicking group of peasants going a-Maying. Elizabeth commands that they be brought before her, and there continue their revels, crowning the Queen of the May in the presence of their Sovereign Queen. At the conclusion of the merry-making, the Queen expresses her great pleasure in all that she has seen and heard.

Queen of the May . . . . . FRANCES CHATHAM

Maid of Honor . . . . . HAZEL EWBANK

Maid of Honor and May Queen
"1929"

STATISTICS

EDITH JOHNSON
Best All-Round

FRANCES MCCALLA

Best Student

CAROLYN HODGSON
Most Popular

EDITH JOHNSON

Best Athlete

LOUISE TIMLIN

Best Looking

PEGGIE PETTEE

Most Attractive

CAROLYN HODGSON

Cutest

FRANCES CHATHAM

Happiest

Calendar

SEPTEMBER—

17. The first day begins with moans and groans, but ends with laughter at a gay party.
21. Greystone day. What a hip-hip-hooray time.

OCTOBER—

9. Opening of the Junior Tea House.
13. Old girls "Arabian party" for new girls.
15. Russian baritone sings for Fassifern.
16. Miss Yarbrough entertains Juniors at a tea.
17. Miss Lacy and Miss Fill entertain Seniors.
25. Faculty recital.
26. Dinner at the Skyland, and to see George Arliss in "Disraeli" afterwards. More fun.
29. Trip to Asheville to see "Hollywood Review."
31. Presbyterians entertain girls.

NOVEMBER—

1. New girls party for the old girls. Gypsies! King Folly! Queen laughter! Owls! Cats! Witches and Ghosts!
2. Hazel Ewbank entertains Seniors.
3. Installation service of Girl Reserves.
4. Dr. Southwick read Sheridan's "Rivals."
20. College English class presents "Maker of Dreams."
28. Thanksgiving—a holiday, including turkey, cranberries, mince meat pie, and a show.
30. Episcopal entertainment.

DECEMBER—

6. Student recital.
15. Christmas Carol service presented by the Glee Club.
18. Kiwanians are Fassifern's guests.
20. Home to see Santa Claus.

JANUARY—

6. Well, we're back again, after such a great time.
10. Baptist entertainment.
11. Sophomore Carnival.
31. Basketball game with Brevard. Stegall's rabbit foot sho' was with us.

FEBRUARY—

7. Basketball game with Mills River. "Can a person be in three places at the same time? Yes, Carol was."
14. Virginia Burroughs entertains for Sophomores.
Valentine dinner. What more could you wish?
19. Game with Hendersonville. "Before George Sandifer went into the game she swallowed a jumping jack."
22. Seniors entertain at George Washington party.
24. Game with Hendersonville. Luck was against us. But this still holds good—"Little Pat, steady Pat, stands 'Pat' in every game."
28. We beat Tryon. Seabrook's smooth running machinery was ordered from Sears and Roebuck.

MARCH—

4. Game with Brevard. We didn't seem to like their court, or else we forgot to bring our steady old rabbit foot. Allen's success as a basketball player is attributed to "milky ways."
8. Seniors entertain Blue Ridge Seniors.
12. Freshmen present Chinese play, "Turtle Dove."
14. Student recital.
19. A week's vacation to chase bunnies and buy spring bonnets.

APRIL—

5. Miss Douglas entertains Specials at theatre party.
12. Glee Club enters contest at Spartanburg.
18. Operetta, "The Return of Miss Carruthers."
19. Jane Cover and Margaret Ann Welch in Junior expression recital.
26. Miss Neal entertains Freshmen at breakfast.
30. Juniors give play.

MAY—

3. Freshmen-Senior entertainment.
9. Sophomore-Senior at Cæsar's Head. We are glad it was Cæsar instead of Cicero
16. Edith Johnson and Helen Wagner give piano recital.
17. Sue Rogers entertains Seniors at Tryon.
23. Junior-Senior Banquet.
24. Frances Chatham and Garnet Shipman in Senior expression recital.
28. Senior class play.
30. Tinie Reynolds in Senior recital, assisted by Phyllis Harris.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM—

30. Art exhibit.
31. May Day.
Annual music recital.

JUNE—

1. Baccalaureate sermon.
2. Class Day. Senior tea. Address to graduating class. Presentation of diplomas.

Sequidilles

A piece I like is "Sequidilles,"
It sounds just like a troop of trills.
When played upon a concert grand,
It makes one think of sifting sand.
The name, you see, means "chants of Spain"—
Most modern chants six lines contain.
But Rabinkoff, a Russian man,
Composed this chant without a plan.
So this explains this man so cool,
Who writes his songs without a rule.
Don't think him bad, he only thought
That his new piece would not be bought.

SUNSHINE KIRBY, '32.

POETRY

I am sure that to write
Anapestic is right,
But though some disagree
And insist on trochee,
We'll all probably find
T'was the dactyllic kind
That Miss Askin had meant
Us to write at great length.

DOT MILLER, '31.

SPRING

Unto our parents mailmen bring
The herald messages of spring,
The frenzied cries for dress and hat
Announce to them that spring is back.

DOT MILLER, '31.

FUN

"I heard Marie Brown was a suicide blonde."

"What do you mean, a suicide blonde?"

"Died by her own hand."

JANE (looking at camp booklet): "Say, Hope, this looks like a horse camp."

HOPE: "It is. That's where I'm going."

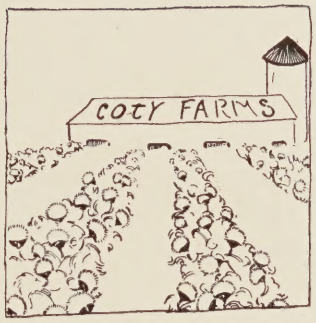
Tiny Reynolds says we ought to have great admiration for fancy divers. They can dive twenty or thirty feet and splash less than we do opening a bottle of milk.

Here lie the bodies of Mack and Bee—
Neither one would harm a flea;
That is why we'd love to know
Why and where they had to go.

These charming pets were friendly to all,
And specially welcome in McBee Hall,
But, as we had daily feared,
Both of them have disappeared.

It was Avis' first real view of a cotton plantation with the plants all in full bloom, the endless fields of white causing her no end of wonderment. They stood spell-bound at the spectacle till Avis broke the spell by remarking:

"What a wonderful crop of powder puffs. It's the first time I've ever seen them actually growing."



LAURA ELLA: "I wish I were as religious as Evelyn."

VIRGINIA GLAROS: "And why?"

LAURA ELLA: "She clasps her hands so tight in prayer that she can't get them open when the collection box comes around."

"I want a ticket for Willowby," said Mary Diggs.

"Willowby?" queried the puzzled ticket agent. "Where is Willowby? In what state?"

"Willowby's minding the baggage, sir, and he's in a state of excitement for fear we'll miss our train."

M. A. WELCH: "Why aren't you going riding today, Peggy?"

PEG PETTEE: "Because they haven't enough horses for me."

M. A.: "Well, how many horses do you need?"

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Whether or Not

STUDENT CYNICISMS

Many are called, but few get up.

Faint heart never won a fair lady.

Silence gives contempt.

Let him now speak, or forever after hold his piece of information for a good price.

The poor ye have with ye always, —but are not invited.

What is home without another?

Eat your steak or you'll have stew.

As ye sew, so must you rip.

A line in time saves nine.

A thing of duty is an-noy forever.

A word to the wise is resented.

Sweet are the uses of diversity.

Pride goeth before, and the bill cometh after.

When folly is bliss, 'tis ignorance to be otherwise.

To-morrow would be sweet if we could kill yesterday.

It is better to make friends fast than to make fast friends.

He laughs best whose laugh lasts.

CHAPEL AT FASSIFERN

Bzzz. Time to g e t u p—ten o'clock, and chapel starts about that time. I got up, dressed, and strolled over to the auditorium. Several sleepy-eyed girls met me on the way. When we went in, a few members of the faculty, meaning those who were energetic enough to get up, were serving coffee to a bunch of girls who were having a bull session in one corner of the room. The victrola was playing "Big City Blues," and a few were dancing. Not all of them were there, for of course, we have some lazy ones, as in all schools. This particular morning Miss Lacy happened to be down. She tapped on a little bell and we all stopped talking. She stood there with a cup of coffee in one hand and a pencil in the other. She asked us what we thought of having a dance with Blue Ridge the following Wednesday night. We immediately told her "O. K." After that was arranged, we proceeded with a discussion on "The merits of modern girls," and an interesting and lively talk raged throughout the auditorium, which concluded that "we moderns" were all right after all. Miss Lacy suggested that we dance a while longer, so we followed this out, for lack of something else to do. Several girls who came straggling in found us in a heated conversation on the long dresses. Such were the arguments we had in chapel. Dr. Sevier came in about ten-thirty, and greeted us with a hearty "hello," had coffee, then left again. Mary Diggs announced she had a new exercise to show us. Such hopping and turning I have never seen. We all tried to learn it, but only some of the healthy, experienced ones caught on. We soon tired of this. Then Phyllis tuned in on the piano and we started singing the latest pieces. Of course, Mary Benning had to do the Charleston. She's good, too, by the way. Lish Allen and Tubby did an exhibition dance for us and you should have heard the cheering. Barbara White and Nannie Davis had a wrestling match, and I think Nan won. I don't know, I couldn't see 'roun' her. Any way, they had some m i g h t y good clenches, some that would make Garbo and Gilbert green with envy.

'Bout eleven they started to file out. I left too, wondering why schools have chapels, and what good they did, anyway.

STATISTICS (?)

Best Bluffer ..... Jennie Howe
Daintiest ..... Elizabeth Cowart
Most Serene ..... Ophelia Caston
Biggest Hurrier ..... Felicia Allen
Most Studious ..... Winnie Garrison
Faculty Pet ..... Louise Timlin
Faculty Despised ..... Kathleen Welch
Most Enthusiastic Athlete ..... Mary Charlotte
Most Bashful ..... Pat Johnson
Biggest Bull Slinger ..... Evelyn Brooks
Biggest Knocker ..... Jeanne Johnson
Roughest ..... Hazel Ewbank
Most Languid ..... Virginia Dobbs
Man of Letters ..... Eleanor Miller

DOT BROWN man what works ober here has much ob de GOODMAN about him. He am a MILLER by trade, an' EWBANK your last SUE dat he hab de best wife who am a COMFORT to any man. One day I come ober to DOT MILLER an he weren't home. I says to his wife, "Where am your daughter CARRIE?" An' she says she don't know, so there she stood, WAGNER head at me as CARRIE drives up in her car. CARRIE PARKS ober by de fence. "I HOPE as you'd go fishin' with me in de BROOK, CARRIE," says I. So we walks away up de HILL, an de dog, MACK, be comin' along behind. Den de dog DIGGS an' BURROUGHS in de MOSS, huntin' for HERRINGs, I guess. And CARRIE RUSSELLS around in de leaves looking for perSIMONS, and I hunts where is BARRETT me worms. I was ASKIN HOWE as CARRIE likes CASTON de line in de BROOK, when old man BROWN comes an' sends her home.

Dear Miss Dicks:

I am a girl of a family of seventeen. All of my sisters have been successfully married, but there seems to be something wrong with me. I am deeply in love with a boy named Louie, but Louie likes girls that are fast. However, I don't think that a girl ought to kiss a boy unless she's engaged to him. Several times I have promised Louie to go automobile riding with him, but the baby, little Samuel, always tells papa, and he locks me in my room. Once I took a puff of a cigarette just to please Louie, but when I came home mama washed my mouth out with chipso. Louie seems to be loosing interest. What can I do?

Blue Elex.

Dear Miss Dicks:

I am coming to you for advice, for I've been so interested in your "forlorn" column.

I am in love with a big newspaper man, and once he was very attentive—showering me with flowers and gifts daily—but I feel that his affections are wavering, for now I get only two telegrams a week, and I wonder what the trouble is. Help me, for I want to regain his lost love. Tell me what I have done.

Waiting hopefully,
Downcast Dot.

Dear Dorothy Dicks:

I'm one of those northern girls in a southern school, and I need your help. How can a northern girl keep a southern boy interested in her? I've met some of the boys down here, but I find that I don't understand their funny ways. I can't seem to rouse their interest in me, though I'm considered popular among the girls. Please tell me the line of talk for southern boys, as I intend to stay here for a while.

Hopefully,
Cupid.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

I have had many sad experiences in my life. My back has been torn, my leaves have been distorted and I have been much defaced.

A girl bought me from a bookstore. At first she was very inconsequental to me, but soon got tired of me. She put me where I wasn't so conspicuous, and no one would even inconvenience himself to look at my disreputable self. One day the baby got me and put me up on the table. Soon after this he drank his irresistable milk, but some of it, however, spilled, and it drenched me.

Mary came down stairs and wiped me off with much delicacy and put me out in the sun to dry. After a while it began to rain and the next day my inerds were scattered all over creation. That was the indenture of me.

—Patsy Hill

REVIEW

Another epic drama, produced by Mack Sennett, has caused a sensation in Fassifern. Last night the house was crowded to the doors, so eager was the populace to see the all-star cast in their new play.

The cast of characters was as follows:

Dr. Sevier	Mack Sennett
Miss Lacy	Ruth Chatterton
Miss Little	Davy Lee
Mrs. Sutton	Lionel Barrymore
Miss Hayes	Corinne Griffith
Miss Gromme	William Boyd
Miss Askin	Helen Kane
Miss McCord	Rudolph Valentino
Miss Neal	Lupe Velez
Miss Douglas	Hoot Gibson
Miss Fill	Lupino Lane
Miss Yarborough	Gloria Swanson
Mrs. Granberry	Polly Moran
Miss Ware	Douglas Fairbanks
Mrs. Sandifer	Irene Rich

STAFF

Phone I-4-U.

Office—Infirmary.

Editor—Koorbaes Eniluap.

Advertising Manager—N o t s a c Ailehpo.

We are all pleased to note that Miss Virginia Bailey and Miss Abby Laura Paulsen were runners-up in the pie-eating contest this afternoon. Miss Bailey will be remembered as one of last year's foremost athletes. She distinguished her Alma Mater by winning the international pea-eating contest, eating two helpings of peas in two minutes, allowing six peas to the knife. Her enviable technique was a subject of comment, for not one pea rolled off her knife.

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FUN

"Have you a Charles Dickens in your home?" asked the polite book agent.

"No," snapped Barbara White.

"Or a Robert Louis Stevenson?"

"No."

"Or a Eugene Field?"

"No, we ain't. And what's more, we don't run a boarding house here, either. If you're looking for them fellows, you might try the house across the street."

✣ ✣ ✣

"Shure, Dr. Kilpatrick moight be a very clever man, but he's not going to operate on me, for, bejabbers, me names Patrick."

✣ ✣ ✣

Miss Douglas: "Marianna, define 'portable.'"

Marianna: "A victrola."

✣ ✣ ✣

Frank: "Did you ever hear about the absent-minded professor who came home from a walk one night and put his cane in bed and stood on his head all night in the corner?"

Sunny: "No, tell me about it."

✣ ✣ ✣

Peg Pettee deserves honorable mention in athletics because of her unusual ability to juggle butter.

✣ ✣ ✣

Ophelia Caston, whose car had swerved across the street, and crashed through a plate glass window, was being questioned by the police sergeant, says the Vicksburg Times:

"Surely, on such a wide street as this," said the interrogator, "you could have done something to prevent this accident?"

"I did," Felia assured him earnestly, "I screamed as loud as I could."

Mrs. Gordon (to husband, who is "listening-in" on Sunday evening): "Tammas, Tammas, ye mustn't laugh like that on the Sabbath."

Tammas: "Laugh, wumman. The minister has just announced the collection, and here I am, safe at home."

✣ ✣ ✣

Irate housewife: "Aren't you the same man I gave a mince pie to last week?"

Tramp (sadly): "No, ma'am, I ain't. And what's more, the doctor says I never will be."

✣ ✣ ✣

"I don't know what in the world to do. Miss Hayes told me to take one glass of medicine three times a day."

✣ ✣ ✣

Dr. Sevier: "Hallie, can you tell me the difference between a Jew and a Gentile?"

Hallie: "Well—a—er—well, a Jew's a Jew and a Gentile's a Gentile."

✣ ✣ ✣

Bobby was anxiously waiting to see if the house her mother had purchased was in the United States or in Canada. At last the surveyors informed her that it was just over the boundary line and in the United States.

"Ah, I'm so relieved," said Bobby, "because Dot said that the winters in Canada are so severe."

✣ ✣ ✣

Martha Allen: "You know, Dobbs, they've found a new use for the hole in the doughnut."

V. Dobbs: "What is it, Martha?"

Martha: "To stuff macaroni."

✣ ✣ ✣

Tubby: "Lady Macbeth and Macbeth complete their plans and kill Duncan, who is found murdered."

A cat's not the only one who has nine lives.

Bailey: "Duncan is killed by Macbeth when asleep."

Dangerous sleep walkers.

✣ ✣ ✣

"How did you like the geology lesson?"

"Fine. I was rocked to sleep."

✣ ✣ ✣

Tourist: "I've come here for the winter."

Stella: "Well, you've come to the wrong place. There's no winter here."

✣ ✣ ✣

"Will you let me kiss you if I give you a penny?" asked Stubby's aunt.

"A penny!" she exclaimed. "Why, I get more than that for taking castor oil."

✣ ✣ ✣

A policeman caught a Welsh motorist exceeding the speed limit on his car.

"What's yer name?" he demanded.

"Aubrey Llewellyn Brynmawr of Llewellyn," was the reply.

The policeman put his note book away and eyed the offender severely.

"Well, don't let me catch you again," he said sternly.

✣ ✣ ✣

She: "The world is full of rascals. This morning the milkman gave me a counterfeit half dollar."

He: "Where is it, my dear?"

She: "Oh, I've already got rid of it. Luckily the butcher took it."

✣ ✣ ✣

"I just heard your son is an undertaker. I thought you said the other day that he was a physician."

"Not at all. I just said he followed the medical profession."

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Yours,
Litchfield

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